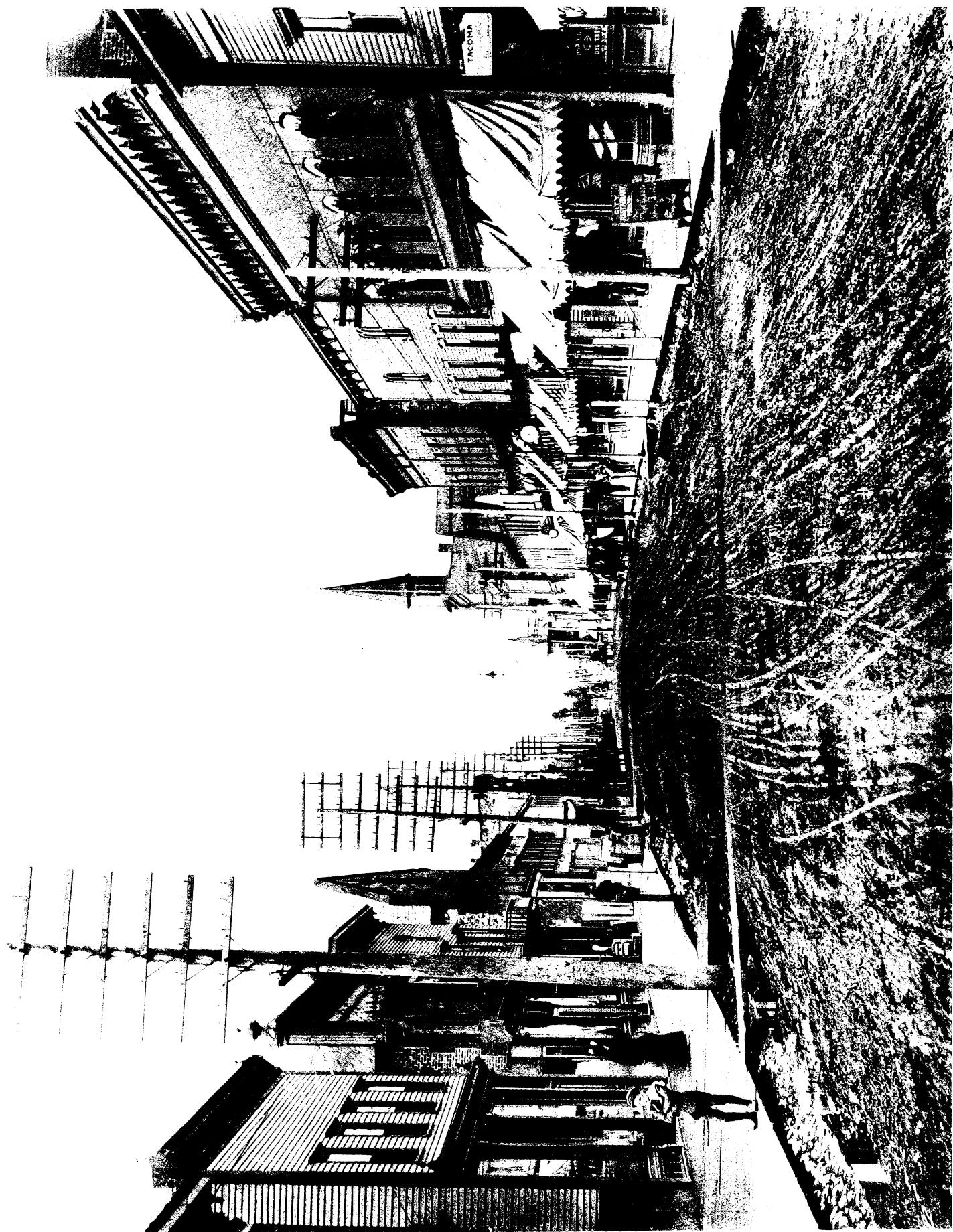


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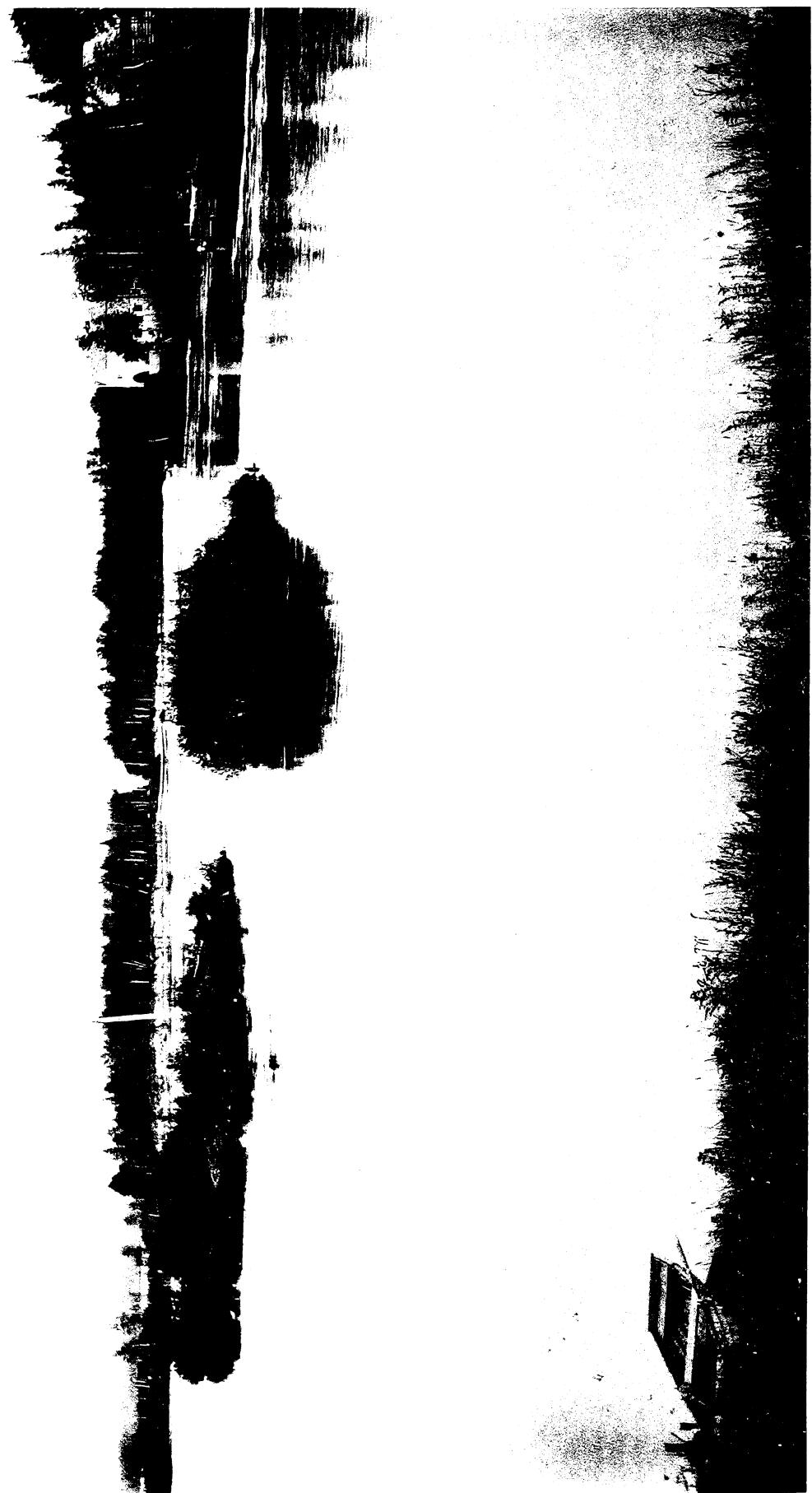
Part 6

THE
LAKE SUPERIOR
REGION

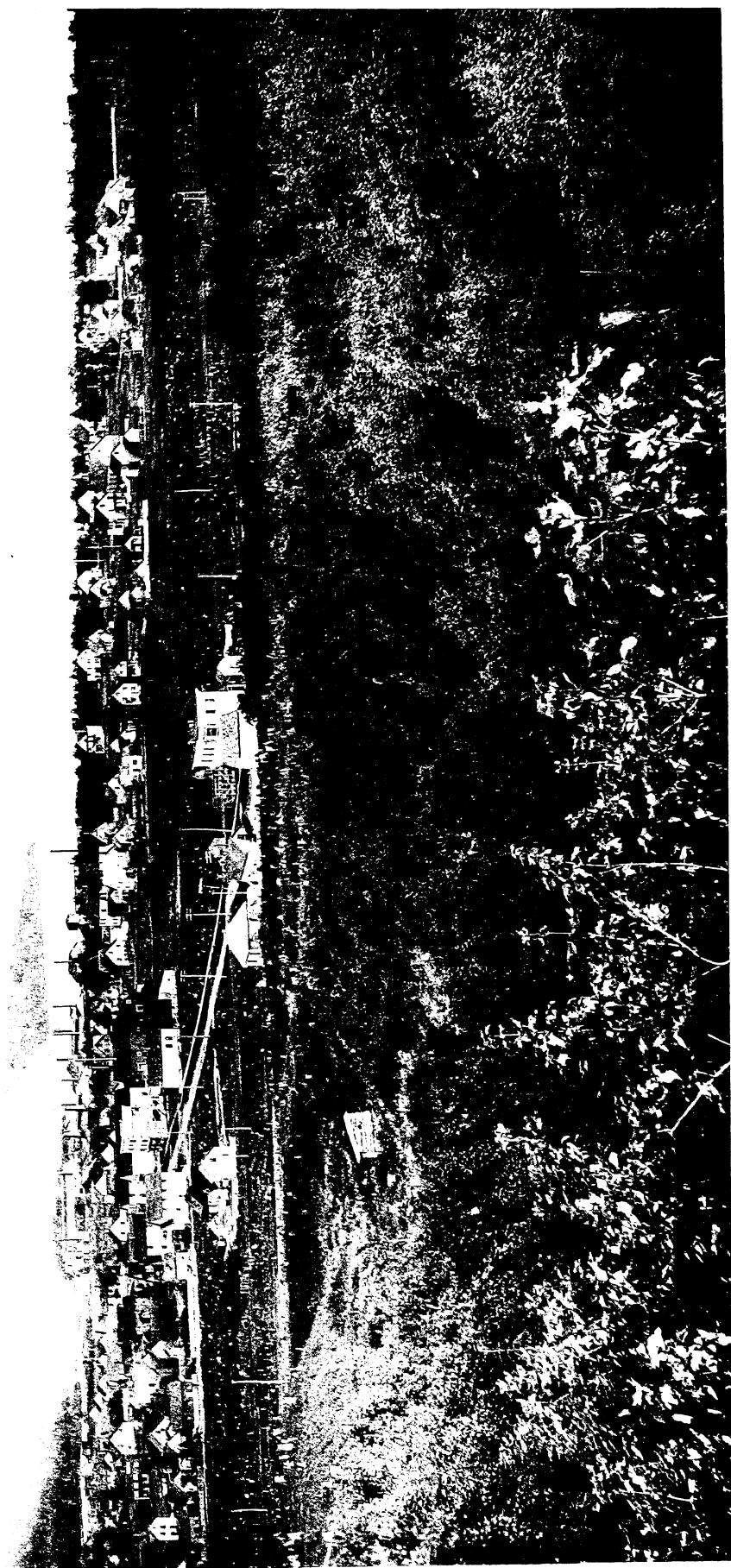
From the Library of
William Neely of Negaunee
Presented by his daughter
Mrs. Oscar Hanson of Bessemer



QUINCY STREET—HANCOCK,



SCENE AT ISLANDS ON ST. MARY'S RIVER—SAULT STE. MARIE.



VIEW OVERLOOKING, DOLLAR BAY.



SCENE ON THE YELLOW DOG.

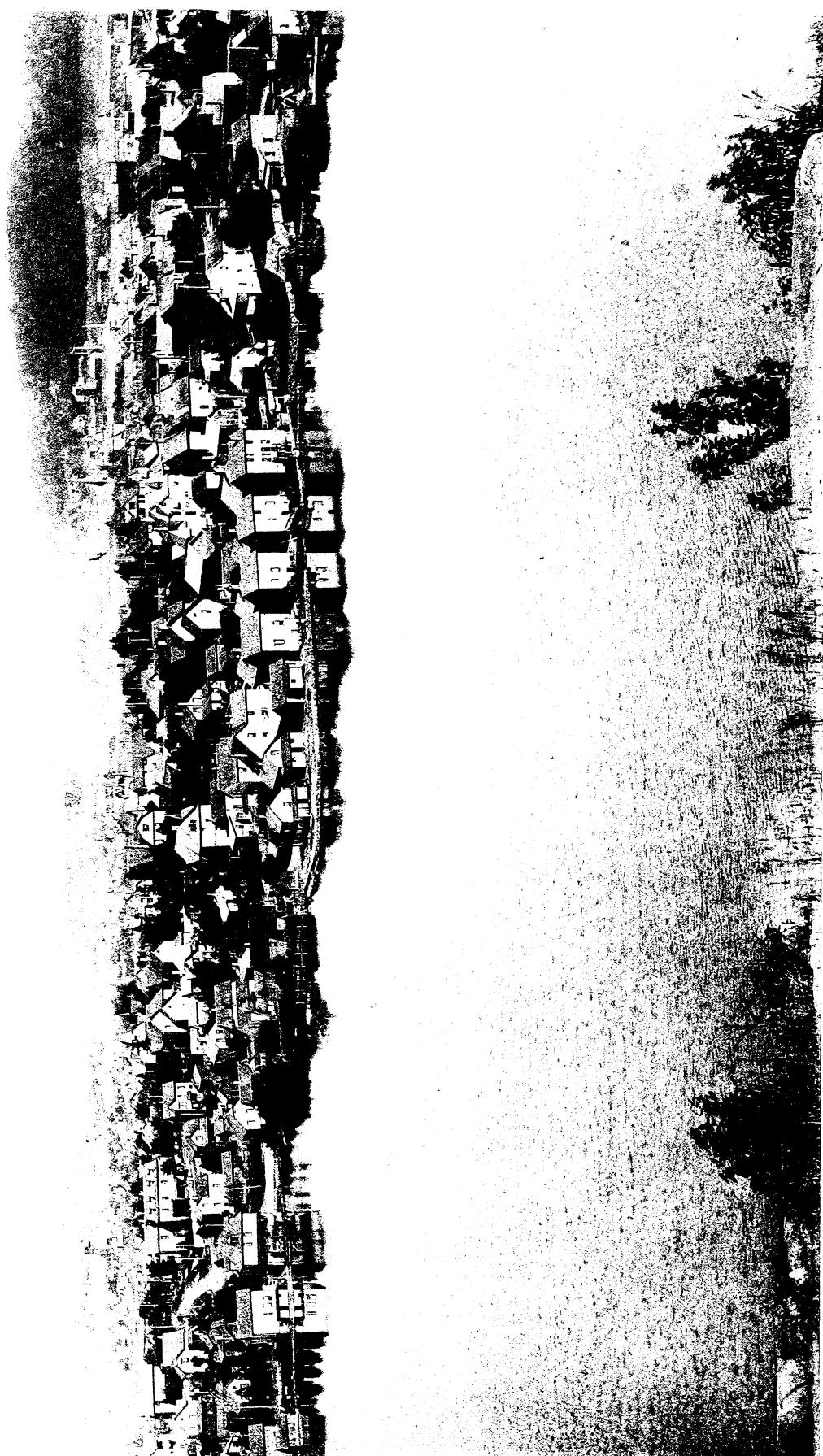


ROCKS AT POWELL'S POINT—MUNISING.



SCENE AT POWELL'S POINT—MUNISING.

VIEW OF ISHPEMING FROM ABOVE LAKE BANCROFT.





SCENE AT LAKE SALLY—Ishpeming.



A COOL RETREAT.



SCENE ON THE CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY. BETWEEN CHAMPION
AND MICHIGAMME.

The population is thoroughly mixed. Almost the rarest type is the pure bred American—the man whose grandfather was born in the United States. A very few figures will tell the number to be found in any county. Europe has possession. The Pioneers were, many of them, American yankees. They are not here, but their type is found today in the far west, and in the Klondike. The country is not the same country. *It is civilized.* But we miss the days when there were no “sets,” or “cliques,” when all were friends, and if some were narrow and selfish, the large-heartedness, and generosity of the mass covered them all with the great mantle of charity, and converted them from their ways by the force of public sentiment. We miss the days when we thought it a relaxation to drive from twenty to fifty miles to a party, dance until broad day, and drive home without sleeping. A party was a delight when the women went on dog trains, and the men tramped beside them on snowshoes. There was no style, but worlds of good fellowship, plenty to eat, and a whole-hearted cordiality that lent grace to the roughest manner. It has all gone with the American pioneer. Yet perhaps, the change is not as much in the human nature, as in the circumstances that developed it. We are a civilized people today, dependant on no one. There is no sharing and dividing. We have every convenience. Money supplies all, and we are abandoned to our own narrow ways and interests. We have fought, and toiled, and won, but we miss the old zest of life when the struggle was on. The pioneer is gone. God bless him! We shall see him reproduced only when there are more wilds to conquer, but he is incompatible with civilization.

Nothing more delightful can be imagined for a summer outing than to thoroughly “do” the Lake Superior country. Today it is so civilized, as to have every modern idea in operation in all its towns of any size, yet so wild as to give all the zest of life in the wilds, and the beauty of nature unmolested, within a few hours drive of any of them. The boat steams up the Sault River with the shores of a foreign land on one side, and the low banks of Chippewa County on the other. This county has been rather ignored so far, being so much older, and so different, as hardly to belong to the same story. The surface is generally less broken in character, though it has a range of limestone hills along its southern border, rivers with picturesque falls, and many beautiful lakes. The ground is level, or rolling, well suited to farming, and, since the opening up of the railroad is rapidly settling. Until that time its miles of forests were unexplored, except by the lumberman, who, since the first saw mill went up at Marquette fifty years ago, has so pushed his business, that he has little business left to push, the whole country being swept almost clear of its pine. Today the forests are shorn of their glory, and most of their value, by his devastating hands, and at times terrible forest fires have swept over miles of territory, leaving blackened ruins, and desolation in their track.

But the rolling fields are green and fresh, and yield tons of hay every year, this being still the staple product, though wheat, oats, and wool are steadily growing in importance. The soil is very fertile, and gardens repay abundantly the care bestowed upon them. Some sorts of fruits are worthy of cultivation, but as everywhere in the peninsula, roots are the exceedingly abundant

and vigorous crop. This will be the leading agricultural county of the section, and they boast that the celery beds of Newberry are already crowding the claims of Kalamazoo which carries the banner of this delicacy.

But the tourist rarely sees the interior of this county. He is content to land at the Sault and see it all in miniature. The history of the county is all there. There cluster the Indian legends, historic and prehistoric, and much of the history of their conquerors, and exterminators. As early as 1623, the place was visited by the priests Sagard and Viel, but we do not know that they founded a mission. Jean Nicolet was there sometime in the "thirties" of the seventeenth century, and, in the fall of 1641, the French missionaries Jaques, and Raymbault established the mission. Father Allouez spent some time there in the "sixties." St. Lussou, in his search for copper mines, arrived here about 1670, and with the imposing ceremonies, always preceded by a solemn High Mass, with which the French were accustomed to take possession of wild lands, he claimed in the name of his king, "the Sainte Marie du Saut, as also, Lakes Huron and Superior, the island of Manatoulin, and all countries, rivers, lakes, and streams contiguous and adjacent thereto."

The predecessor of Fort Brady was built by the French in 1750, or a little earlier. The British had control for a few months in 1762, until the post was destroyed by fire, when the land was once more abandoned to the French traders, and the Indians.

Here was the headquarters of those who participated in the massacre at Fort Mackinac, and hither they returned after that historic game of La Crosse.

The British rebuilt the fort in 1802, and when our General Cass came to the Sault in 1820, he found the English flag still flying there. In defiance of the strong British sentiment among the traders, and Indians, he lowered it on the instant, and raised the American flag in its stead. Since that time the Sault has been in deed and in fact a part of the United States of America, and historically, the oldest part of the State of Michigan.

In 1822, General Brady built a large stockade upon the site of the old fort, and this was always in use until 1857. From that time until 1866, the place was ungarrisoned. Then it was put in order, new buildings were erected, the old stockade removed, and only the well beaten path of the sentry defined the limits of the fort. Today the old-new buildings are converted into dwellings, while one part of the Reservation has been sold, and one kept for future Government buildings. New land was bought on the hill south of, and overlooking the town, and there the Fort Brady of today suns itself. There are no fortifications. The sentry's beat defines the limits as before.

The great work of the Government at the Sault has made the town. The growth of the country forced the building of the canal, after many years of discussion and opposition, one of its strongest opponents being Henry Clay, who thought we might as well build in the moon.

The State, assisted by the General Government, finally completed and opened the canal, in 1855. There were two wooden locks, each three hundred and fifty feet long, seventy feet

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